



TaMaSha!

CARE & SHARE!
This earth belongs to'all of us.

This beautiful earth
was made for all living
things to share
and care.

All life is
sacred!

There are 100 insects,
amphibians, reptiles, birds and
mammals in this picture.
Spot them!

The Health and Environment Funbook for Children

Hi all you nuts!

There's a qwezee on my table
It stares and stares at me
It rolls its big pink knee.
It sticks out its purple knee
I want to sit and study
I have SO MUCH to do
but the qwezee's so drowakazee
I think I'll plorkee, too.

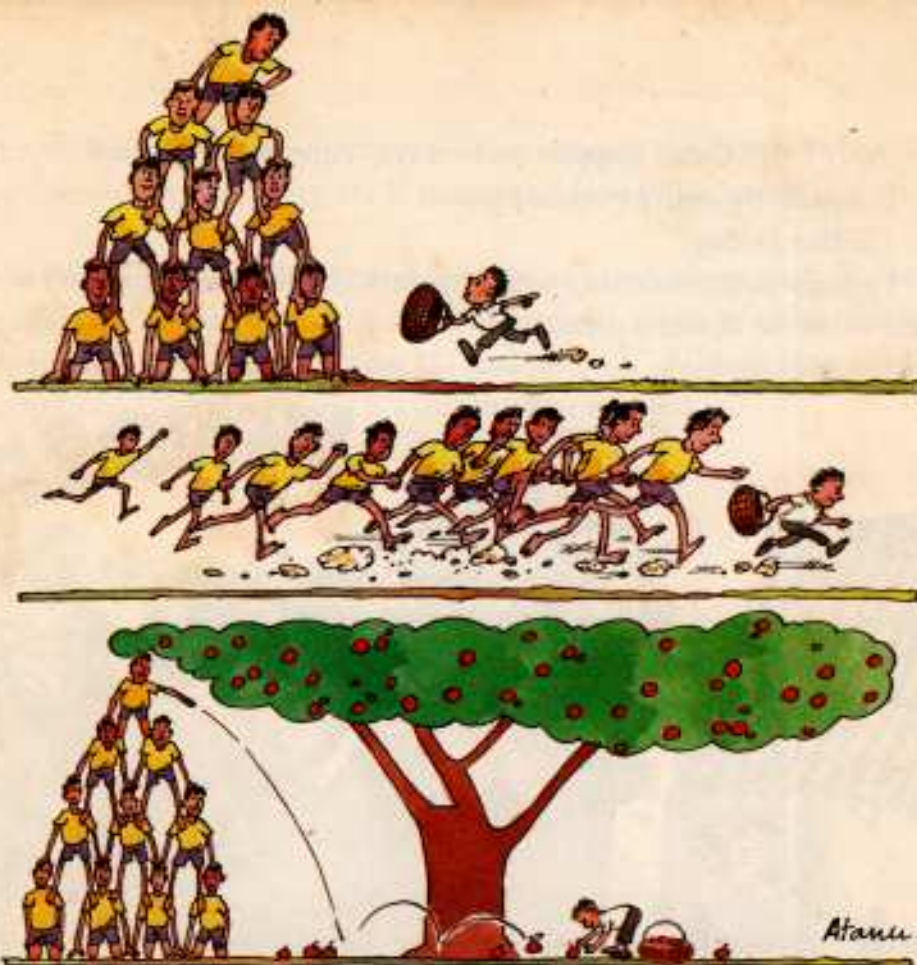


This monkey friend of mine,
HulGul, thinks he's a poet. Look
at his letter to all of you. I can't
understand it. Can you? It must be
the sun. Sun energy is great — but
under a blazing sun is not the best
place to be for writing poetry! If
you understand HulGul's nonsense,
write and tell me, please, before
I tear all my hair out! H e l p p p p!

YOUR BIG, FAT FRIEND



Illustrated by Taposhi



SURPRISE ! SURPRISE !
Join the edge of the page with the mark at the corner
of the next right hand page. Search for 4 more pictures.

MANY HANDS MAKE A TASK EASIER. AND MORE FUN!

Tamasha!

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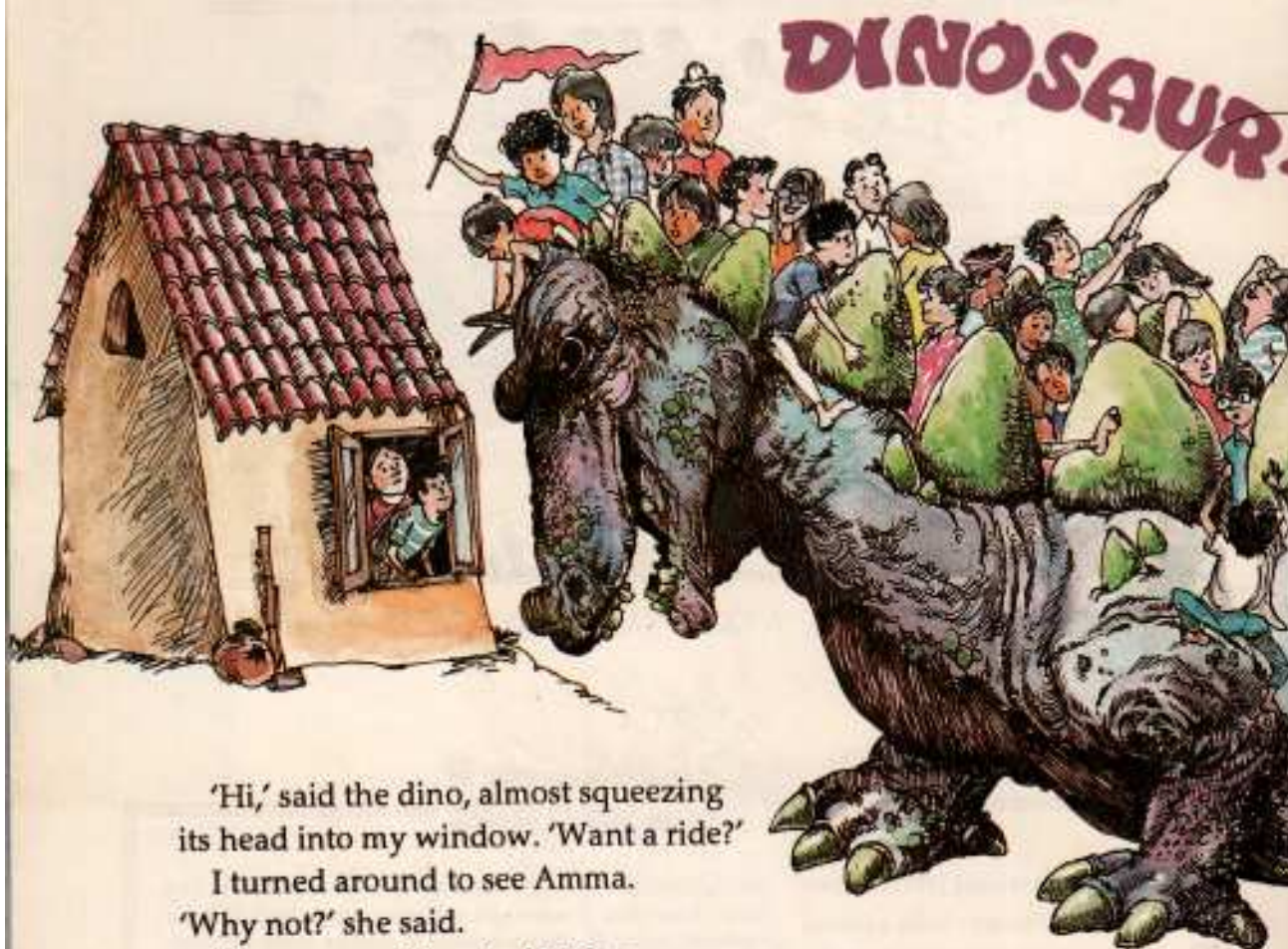
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COVER : Atanu Roy

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'ANYTHING can happen on Fridays,' Amma always said.
But nothing really ever happened.
Till this Friday.

I got up in the morning to a long dark shadow falling on top of me, through the window. It was a dinosaur!



'Hi,' said the dino, almost squeezing its head into my window. 'Want a ride?'

I turned around to see Amma.

'Why not?' she said.

'On one condition,' said Dino.

This seemed like the kind of impossible thing that Amma always asked of me. 'I'll take you to the library if you will wash all these vegetables and cut them for me.' Was Dino going to ask for something like that?

Dino was looking glum. 'My name is Dinosaur-long-as-127-kids.'

'So?' I asked.



'I am cursed by Adinosura — a more wicked asura you can't find. The only thing I have enjoyed in my life is taking children for rides but ...'

'But?'

'One day I sneezed when Adinosura was about to eat. He got angry. He



muttered, 'Abasaguna!' And then, he cursed: Since you like taking children for rides you shall always take 127 and only 127 children for a ride!

Now you need 127 kids, even if it's just me you want to ...'

Amma behind me hissed, 'Me! I want to come too!'

LONG-AS-127-KIDS

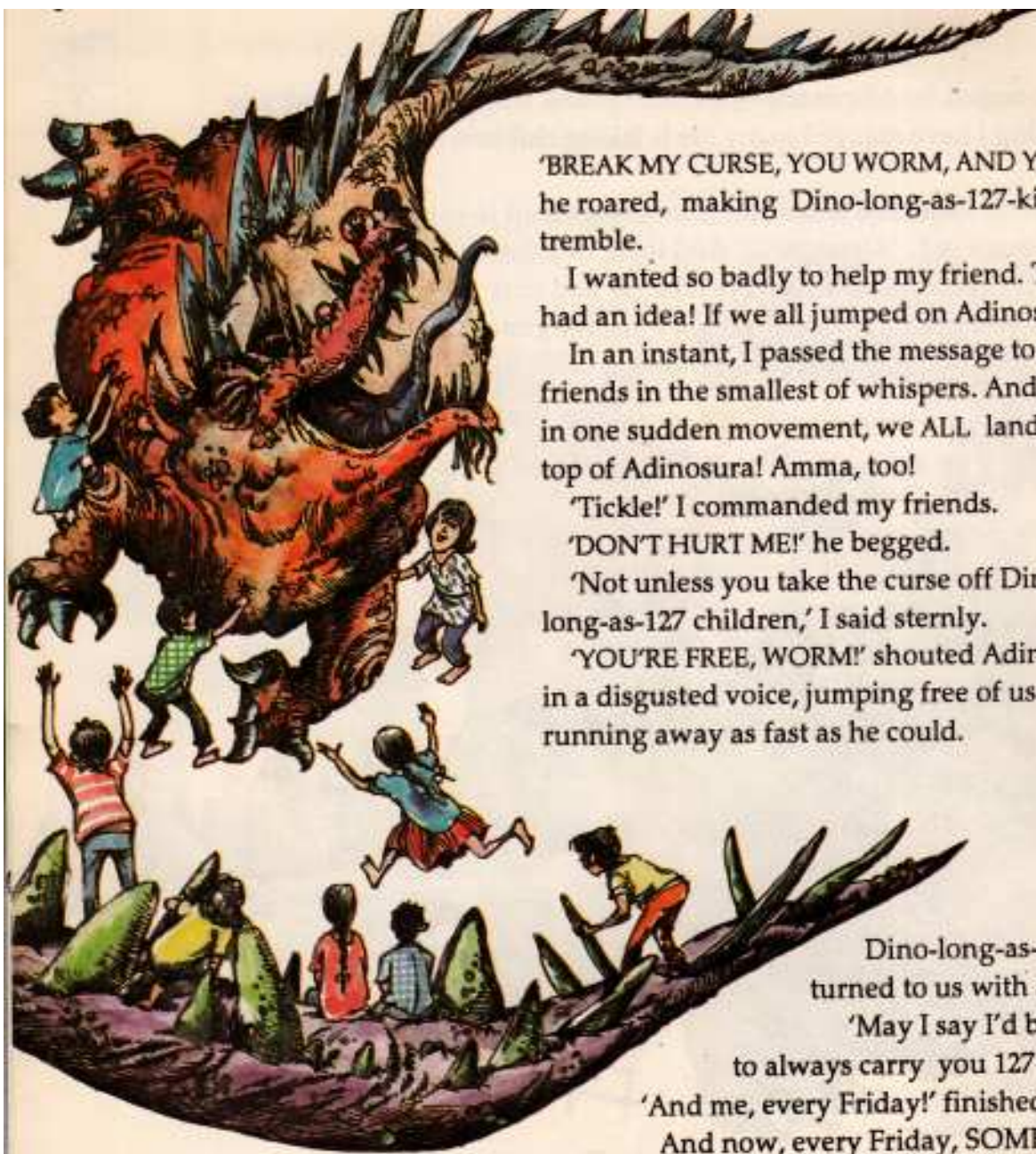


It took me 3 minutes to get my friends. Then two hours to get Dino-long-as-127-kids to take Amma also.

'If Adinosura comes to know ...' he was saying when, there was a spark and a fire and ... 'HOW DARE YOU!' roared a voice.

The roar came from just below me. I peered down to see the ugliest asura in the world.

Illustrated by Atanu Roy



'BREAK MY CURSE, YOU WORM, AND YOU DIE!' he roared, making Dino-long-as-127-kids tremble.

I wanted so badly to help my friend. Then, I had an idea! If we all jumped on Adinosura?

In an instant, I passed the message to my friends in the smallest of whispers. And then, in one sudden movement, we ALL landed on top of Adinosura! Amma, too!

'Tickle!' I commanded my friends.

'DON'T HURT ME!' he begged.

'Not unless you take the curse off Dino-as-long-as-127 children,' I said sternly.

'YOU'RE FREE, WORM!' shouted Adinosura in a disgusted voice, jumping free of us and running away as fast as he could.

Dino-long-as-127-kids turned to us with a giggle.

'May I say I'd be happy to always carry you 127 kids ...'

'And me, every Friday!' finished Amma.

And now, every Friday, SOMETHING really happens.

Dinosaurs lived in what we call India today, more than thousand years ago. A dinosaur that was actually as long as 25 children lived and walked the land on what is West Bengal today!

OH! WHAT A DIFFERENT WORLD!

by Vibha Kaul

Illustrated by Jai



It was HOT! Nutan had been collecting firewood for almost an hour. The thought of walking back all the miles to her village brought tears to her eyes. Usually her mother came with her, but today she was ill. If Nutan had not come to collect the wood, everyone would have had to go hungry.

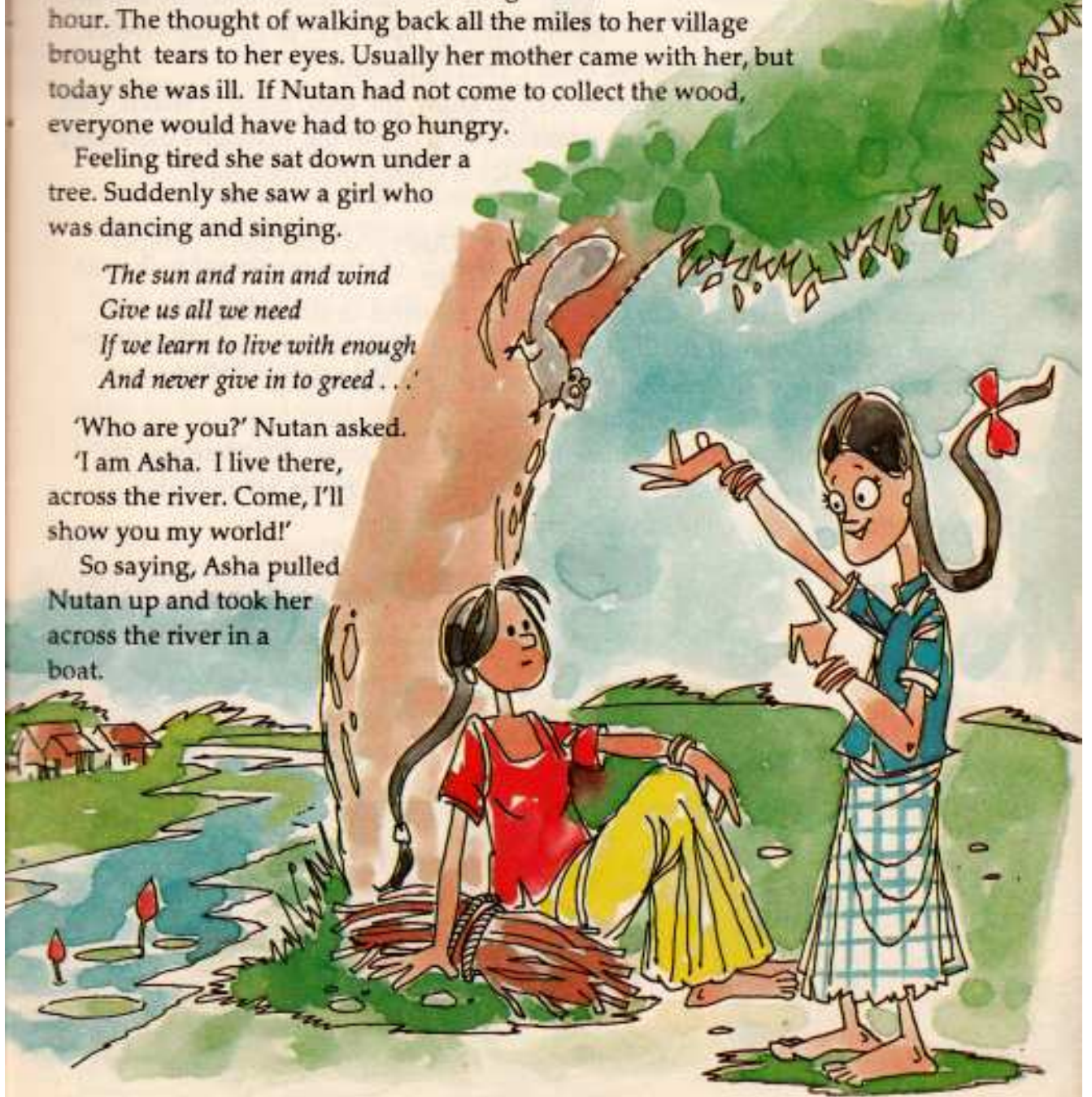
Feeling tired she sat down under a tree. Suddenly she saw a girl who was dancing and singing.

*The sun and rain and wind
Give us all we need
If we learn to live with enough
And never give in to greed . . .*

'Who are you?' Nutan asked.

'I am Asha. I live there, across the river. Come, I'll show you my world!'

So saying, Asha pulled Nutan up and took her across the river in a boat.





Oh, what a different world it was !
With rows of neat houses and green
trees all around ! And just by the river
were BIG fans, almost touching the sky!
Nutan's eyes were large with wonder.

'What's that ? Does someone live there ? Your sarpanch?'

Asha giggled. 'Those are windmills. As you know, the wind is full of shakti. The fans are turned by this energy. The windmills help us run the machines that pump water to our fields and grind grain. So it is wind energy that does much of the hard work people used to do once!'

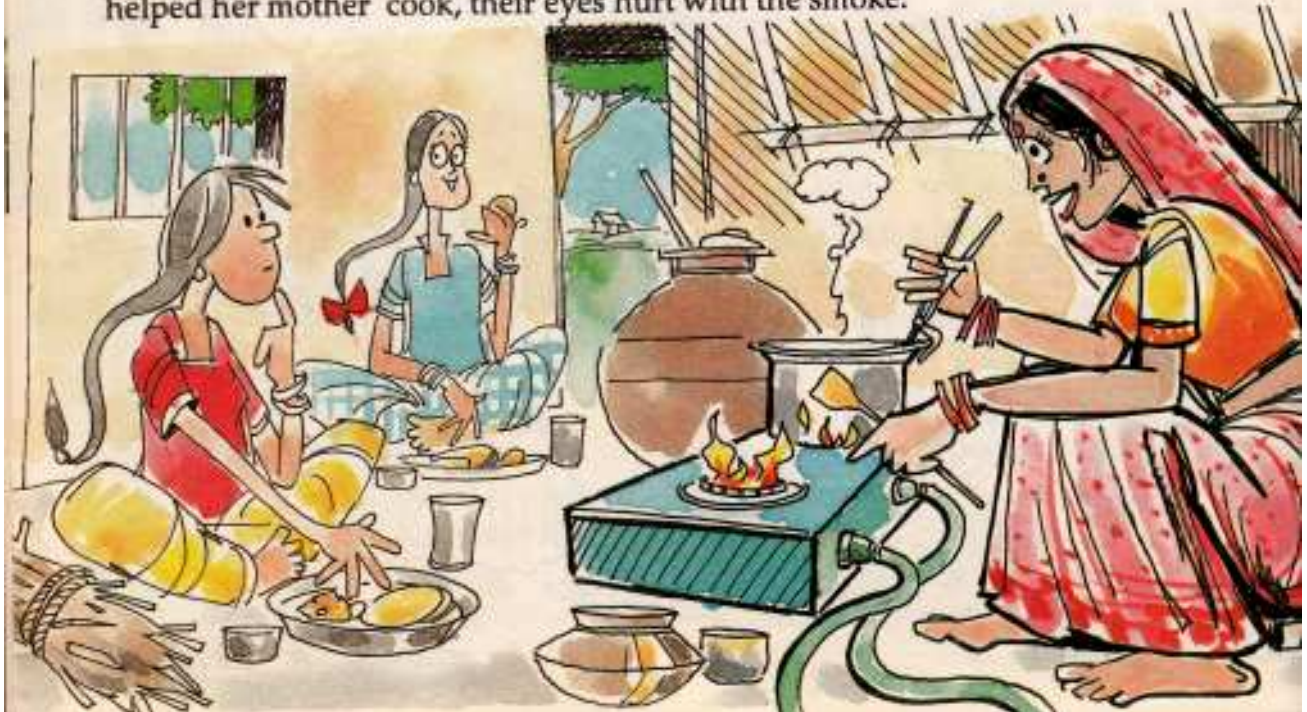
Nutan thought Asha's village must be poor. 'Don't you have diesel pumps?' Nutan asked, feeling sorry for Asha and her village.

'Diesel's costly. And it's not as clean or good as wind or sun energy.'

Nutan had forgotten all about time. She skipped along with her new friend, trying to memorize each new thing she was seeing and learning.

Soon they were inside a bright blue house.

A plump woman was cooking something on a metal stove. But there was no smoke ! There was no wood burning under it either ! At home, when Nutan helped her mother cook, their eyes hurt with the smoke.





'Amma,' Asha said,
'This is my new friend, Nutan.'

Before Asha's mother could say anything, Nutan cried out, 'Are you a magician? Why is there no smoke in your chulha?'

Asha's mother smiled. She gave Nutan a glass of nimbu pani to drink. Then she explained, 'This is a biogas chulha. Biogas is made from human, vegetable and animal wastes ...'

'Ugh!' Nutan wrinkled her nose in disgust.

'Why, can you smell anything?' Asha asked her.

'No ... o!' Nutan felt very foolish. Of course there was no smell.

'Yes, you can get good things from rotten things,' Asha's mother told her.

'And, after the biogas is made, the left over matter makes very useful manure!'

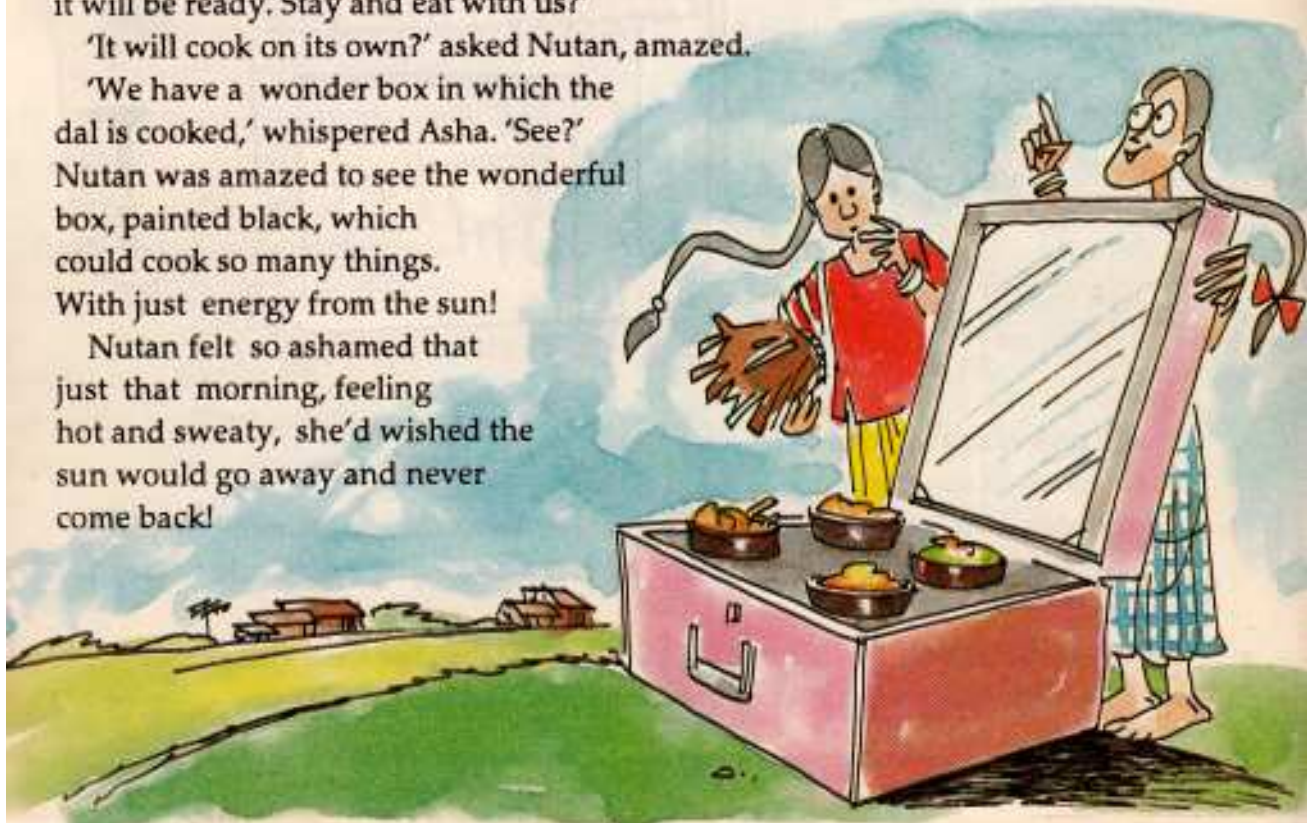
'And you don't have to walk miles and miles to collect firewood!' said Nutan softly.

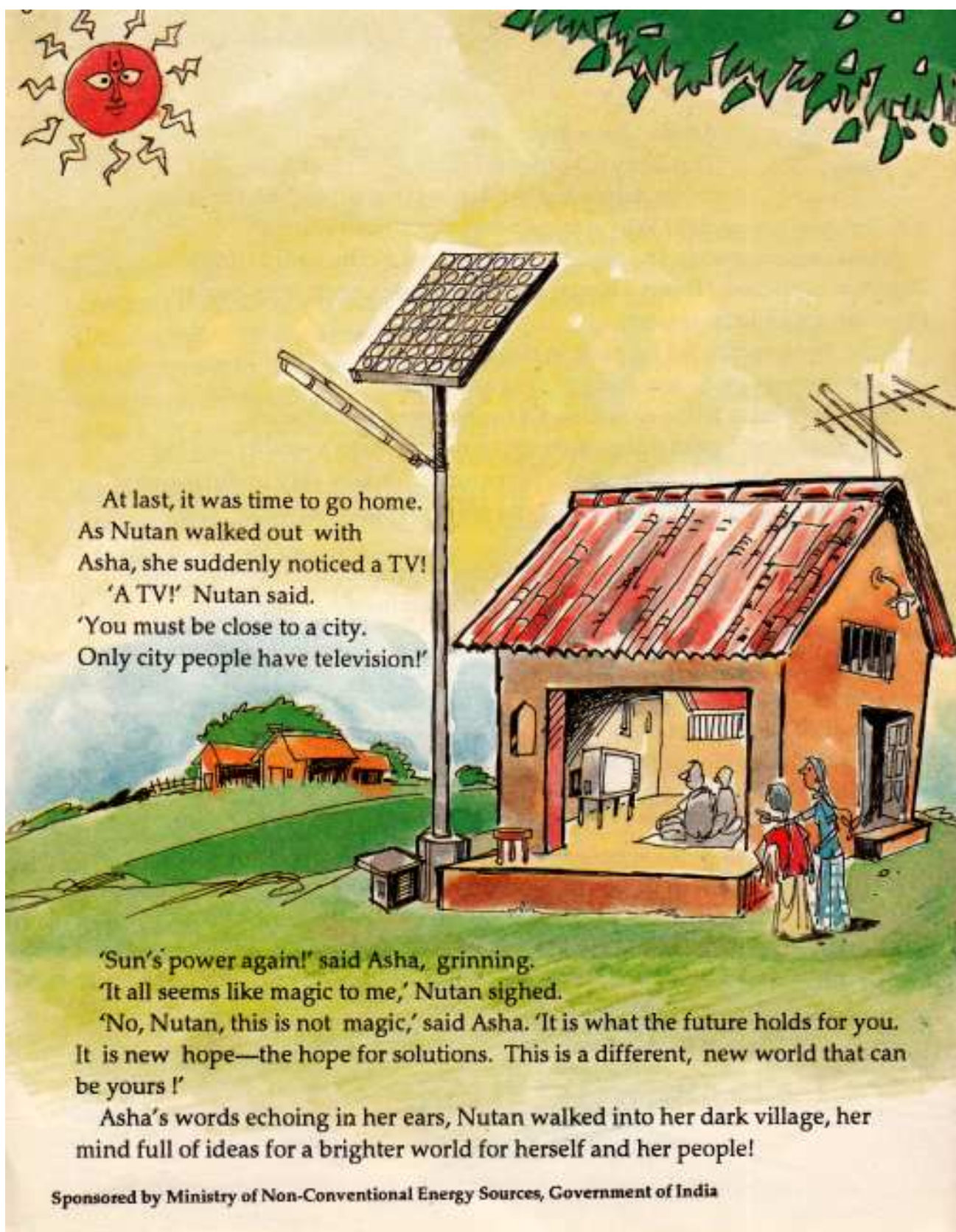
Amma patted Nutan's head and said, 'Asha's favourite dal is being cooked today. By the time I come back from my panchayat meeting, it will be ready. Stay and eat with us?'

'It will cook on its own?' asked Nutan, amazed.

'We have a wonder box in which the dal is cooked,' whispered Asha. 'See?' Nutan was amazed to see the wonderful box, painted black, which could cook so many things. With just energy from the sun!

Nutan felt so ashamed that just that morning, feeling hot and sweaty, she'd wished the sun would go away and never come back!





At last, it was time to go home.
As Nutan walked out with
Asha, she suddenly noticed a TV!
'A TV!' Nutan said.
'You must be close to a city.
Only city people have television!'

'Sun's power again!' said Asha, grinning.
'It all seems like magic to me,' Nutan sighed.
'No, Nutan, this is not magic,' said Asha. 'It is what the future holds for you.
It is new hope—the hope for solutions. This is a different, new world that can
be yours!'

Asha's words echoing in her ears, Nutan walked into her dark village, her
mind full of ideas for a brighter world for herself and her people!

Sponsored by Ministry of Non-Conventional Energy Sources, Government of India

THE SMILING GIANT



More than 3,000 years ago there was a Jain Emperor called Adi Thirthankara Vrishba Deva. When he died, his two sons Bharata and Bahubali fought for the throne. Bahubali won. But he felt very sad at having fought with his own brother. He gave up his throne. He went away to pray.

People say that Bahubali stood in the same place, praying, for many, many years. Creepers grew over him. Snakes played over his naked body. Ants built their homes around him.

When Bahubali woke up from his prayer he saw the world with kinder eyes.

People looked on him with respect. They began to call him GOMATESWARA.

Gomateswara spent his life teaching people to be kind and trusting and helpful.

Illustrated by Sumati





GOMATESWARA is the god of the Digambara Jains. Jains believe in ahimsa. Gomateswara showed them why they should not hurt any living being – insect, animal, human beings or trees. He said, 'This earth is made by God for all of us to live in. Let not any one species encroach upon the rights of another.' The Jains still follow his advice.

About a thousand years ago, a statue was built of Gomateswara on a hill called Vindyagiri in Shravanabelagola, in the state of Karnataka.

The statue is the biggest in India. It is 57 feet tall! We know that it was made by a man called ARISTENEMI.

What a great sculptor he must have been to carve the gently-smiling giant, out of a single stone! The smooth, shining polish Aristenemi gave the gray-white granite makes the statue gleam even today! If you ever go to Bangalore, ask your parents to take you to see the smiling giant of Shravanabelagola.





OUCH! That Hurts

By Vijaya Ghose
Drawings by Tapas Guha

You would think some people don't know
A boy needs two legs, a dog needs four.
Else why would a boy use a stick,
Or sometimes chuck a huge brick
Because he wants to break my leg?
My two-legged friend, I humbly beg
Leave me alone to leap and jump
Search for food in a garbage dump
It won't hurt to sometimes lend
A helping hand to man's best friend . . .



HEAD START

JhunJhun Kaki is Tamasha's friend. Here she is looking out of nine windows. But in one window, she looks different. Can you find out why?



JhunJhun Kaki has lost five things. They are hidden in the colours of the border. Can you find them?

Illustrated by Taposhi Ghoshal Answer: page 24

JISHNU AGAIN

When God came down to earth,
Sarpanch Jishnu was standing at the
bus stop at Tamarind Tree Lane.

'I'm looking for Jishnu,' said God.

Jishnu didn't take his eyes off the road.
There was a cloud of dust in the horizon
that could become a bus.

'You've been calling so often. So, here
I am,' said God.

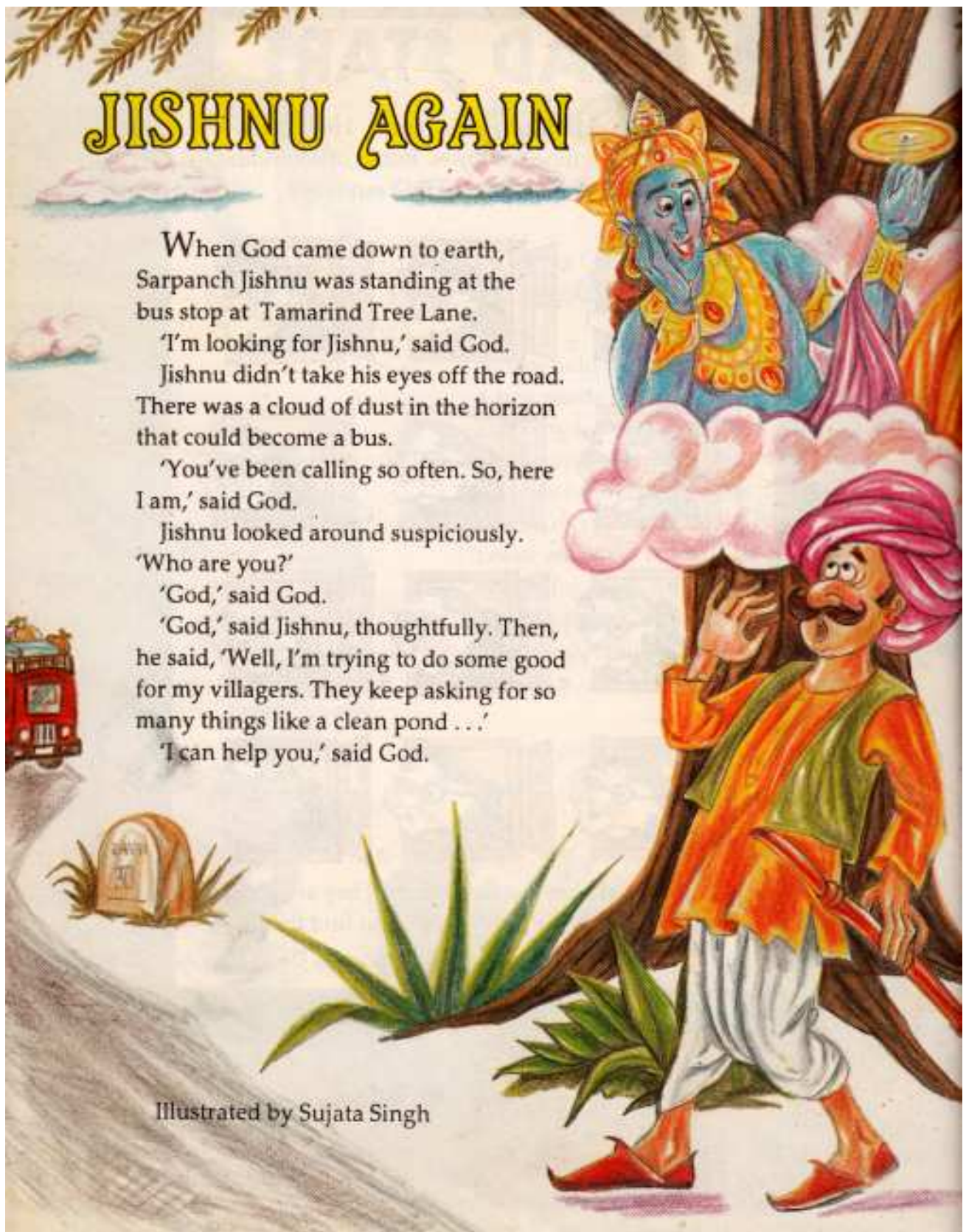
Jishnu looked around suspiciously.
'Who are you?'

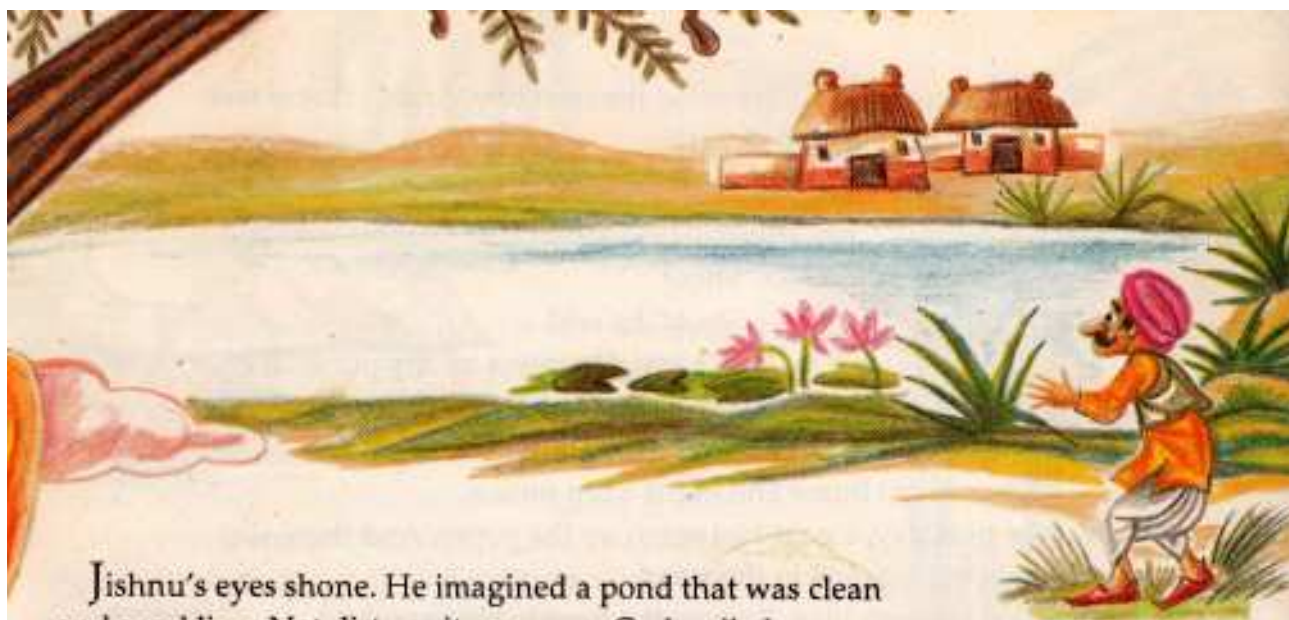
'God,' said God.

'God,' said Jishnu, thoughtfully. Then,
he said, 'Well, I'm trying to do some good
for my villagers. They keep asking for so
many things like a clean pond ...'

'I can help you,' said God.

Illustrated by Sujata Singh





Jishnu's eyes shone. He imagined a pond that was clean and sparkling. Not dirty as it was now. God smiled.

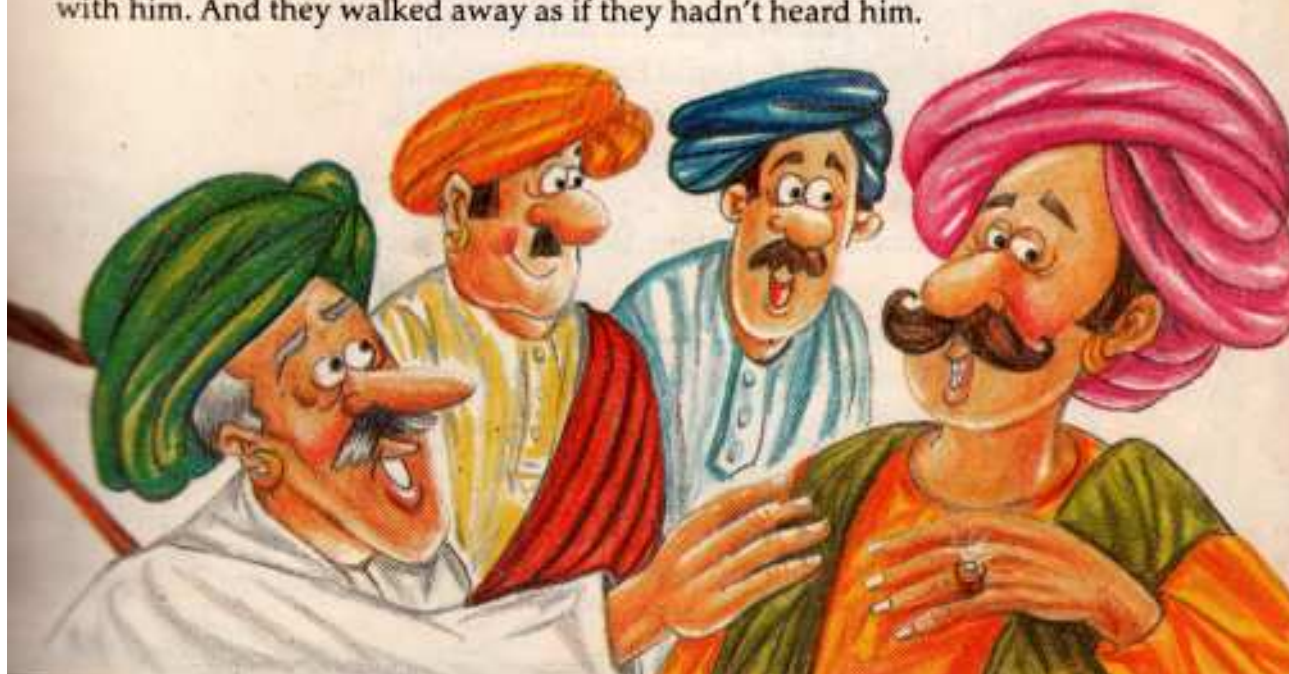
'You're a good man, Jishnu. I'll help you,' said God. 'All you need is to tell people they should keep the pond clean.'

'That's easily done!' said Jishnu. 'After all I am the sarpanch!'

The next day, Jishnu strutted into the panchayat meeting.

'I' he said, flashing his single-diamond ring. 'I want to clean up your pond. From now on no one, and I mean NO ONE shall throw dirty things into the Jishnupur Pond!'

'There is Jishnu acting big again!' said the people, disgusted with him. And they walked away as if they hadn't heard him.



Jishnu went to the pond the next day. And . . . there was a little calf having its bath!

'Shoo!

Shoo!' he said.

'Don't you dare mess up my pond!'

'What you need is a board to say

DON'T DIRTY THIS POND!' said God.

Jishnu went home and made a big notice.

But the next day, a goat had eaten up the paper. And there was a buffalo being washed in the pond.

God said: 'I have an idea. Borrow the twenty big-mouthed dogs of Farmer Ramu to guard the pond.'

Jishnu slept well that night. The next morning when he went to the pond, he found Farmer Ramu and the twenty big-mouthed dogs swimming in the pond.

'Hai Ram!' said Jishnu. 'I think I need a wall!'

It took Jishnu and fifty men 250 days to build a wall, tall and, 'Unclimbable!' said Jishnu, twirling his moustache.





And it took exactly one day for his little daughter Champu to find she could squeeze herself through the big iron gate.

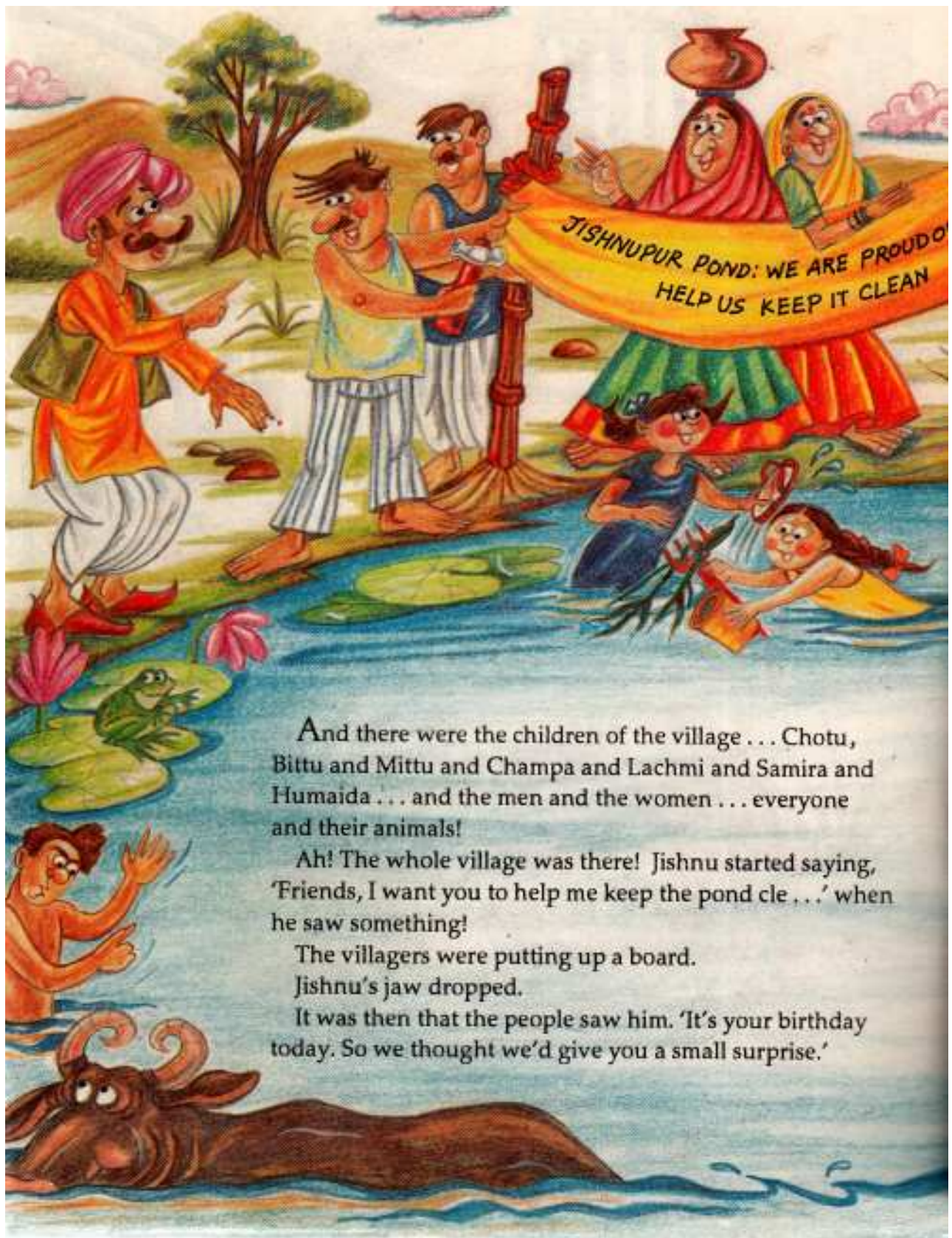
'God! Please help!' said Jishnu, on the verge of tears. 'My own daughter, disobeying her father.'

He prayed and prayed for three full days. He grew thin and weak. But, where was God?

'That useless god,' muttered Jishnu, tearing his hair in anger. 'I'll find God and I'll ... I'll ...' he shouted, when an idea struck him.

'Why,' said Jishnu. 'I don't need God to clean the pond. Me and my people can clean it. And keep it clean!' Excited, he ran to the pond.





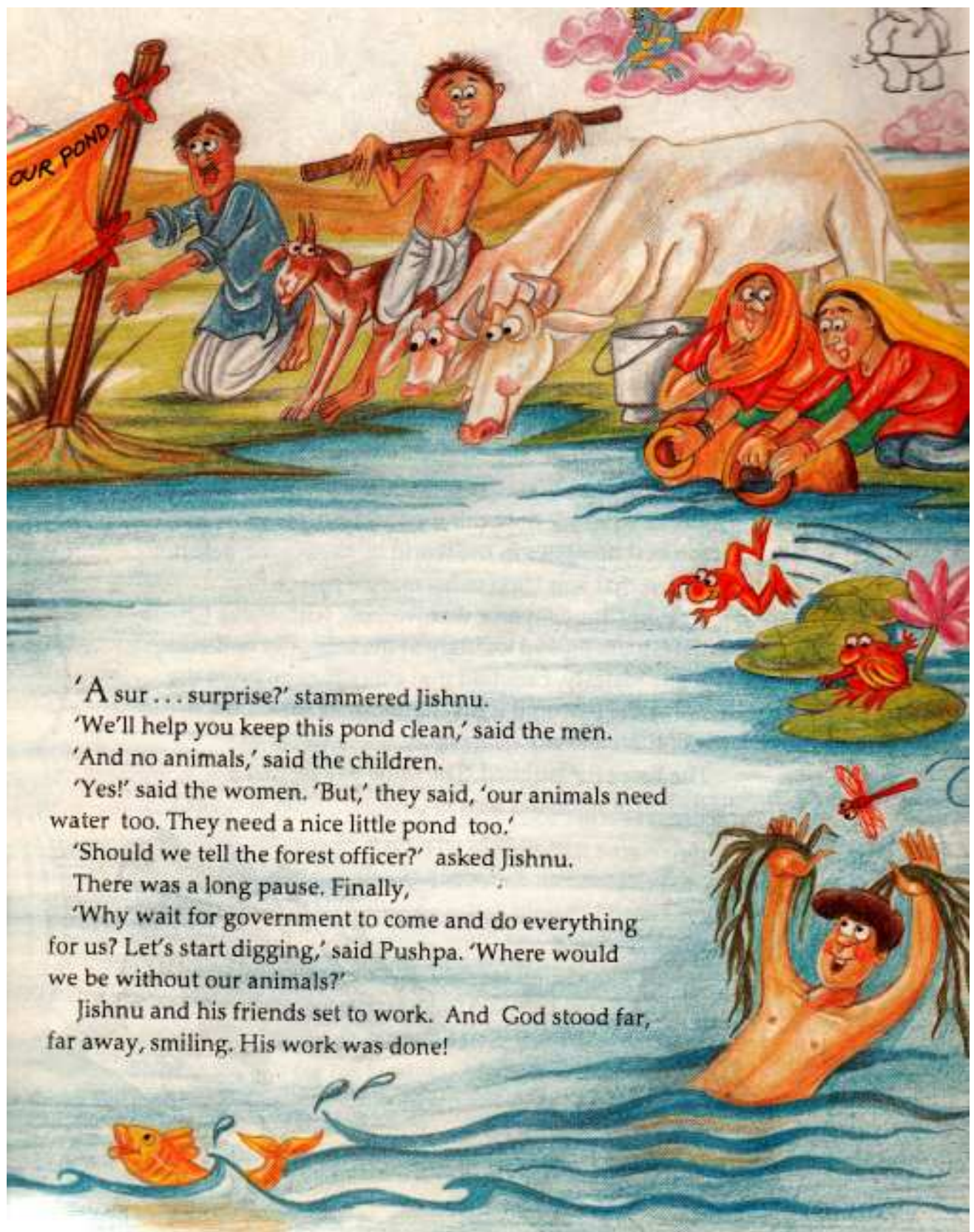
And there were the children of the village ... Chotu, Bittu and Mittu and Champa and Lachmi and Samira and Humaida ... and the men and the women ... everyone and their animals!

Ah! The whole village was there! Jishnu started saying, 'Friends, I want you to help me keep the pond cle ...' when he saw something!

The villagers were putting up a board.

Jishnu's jaw dropped.

It was then that the people saw him. 'It's your birthday today. So we thought we'd give you a small surprise.'



'A sur . . . surprise?' stammered Jishnu.
'We'll help you keep this pond clean,' said the men.
'And no animals,' said the children.
'Yes!' said the women. 'But,' they said, 'our animals need water too. They need a nice little pond too.'
'Should we tell the forest officer?' asked Jishnu.
There was a long pause. Finally,
'Why wait for government to come and do everything for us? Let's start digging,' said Pushpa. 'Where would we be without our animals?'
Jishnu and his friends set to work. And God stood far, far away, smiling. His work was done!



MANGO MAGIC

MIRZA GHALIB loved mangoes. Here is a story about Ghalib and mangoes:

Bahadur Shah Zafar, the last of the Mughals, lived in Delhi, in what we now call the Red Fort. He grew some of the best mangoes in the world in the Nayab Baksh, a garden that was close to his marble palace.

One day, the Emperor was walking with Mirza Ghalib when Ghalib looked lovingly at the mangoes and said:

'Your Majesty, I am told that every mango bears the name of the person it is meant for on its seed. I hope one of these has my name on it!'

The Emperor laughed. The same day he had a basketful of mangoes sent to Ghalib!





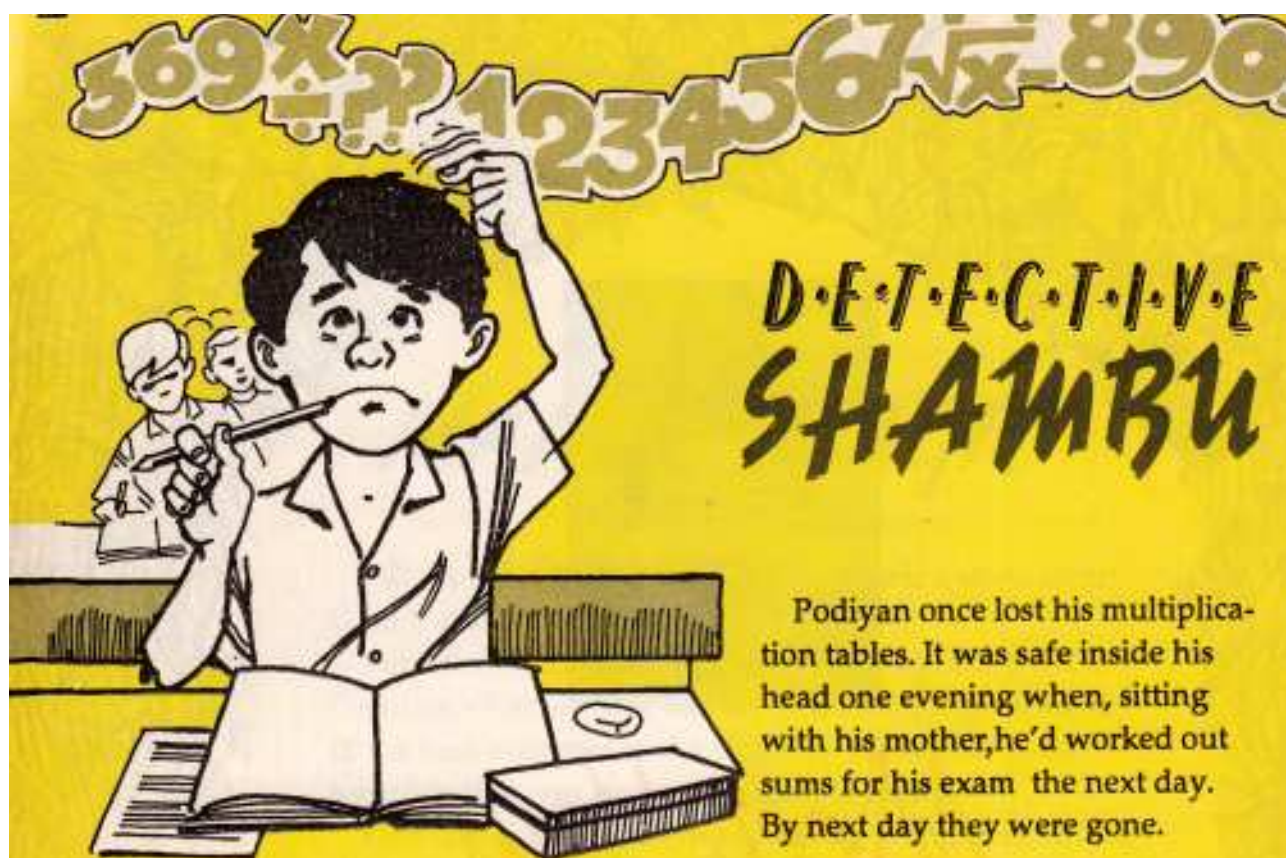
Meet Your Friend

Ghalib was a famous Urdu poet. He was born in Agra on December 27, 1797. His parents had named him Mirza Asadullah Beg Khan. Asadullah means 'The lion of God.' It was only later that he called himself Mirza Ghalib with Ghalib meaning the 'triumphant conqueror.' He lived during the period of the last Mughal Emperor.

Ghalib was a free thinker and believed in the oneness of God. He had friends and followers from all religions. He was known for his kindness towards the poor.

Photo Courtesy: Ghalib Academy, New Delhi

Illustrated by Vandana Bist



D·E·T·E·C·T·I·V·E SHAMBU

Podiyan once lost his multiplication tables. It was safe inside his head one evening when, sitting with his mother, he'd worked out sums for his exam the next day. By next day they were gone.

Could somebody have stolen them? Could his dog, Muddu, have eaten it up, like he'd eaten up his mother's favourite book of poetry, Aurobindo's *Savitri*? 'But,' said a voice inside him, 'Muddu has good taste in books. He'd not eat stupid multiplication tables.'

Podiyan looked everywhere. Even in his pencil box. And the 'fridge. Then Podiyan remembered something his mother had said. Amma was an astronomer who worked with stars and comet tails. And Amma said that the human brain was divided into two parts—the Left and the Right. The Left Brain was the store room for math-things. Had his tables wandered over to the Right Brain?

But Right Side Brain was offended when Podiyan asked. 'I don't want anything to do with maths,' it said with a little sniff. 'Don't you know that all Right Side Brains only want things sensitive, poetic, beautiful!'

Drawings by Tapas Guha



The family worried. They went to Detective Shambu.

'Did you lose it yesterday?' asked Shambu.

'I don't think so,' said Podiyan's father. 'I dropped him in school and on the way he wanted to buy a pencil. I gave him Rs 2/- and he said, one pencil costs 75 paisa, so I get Rs 1.25 back.'

'Quick thinking!' said Detective Shambu, grinning at Podiyan. 'So, when do you think you lost it?'

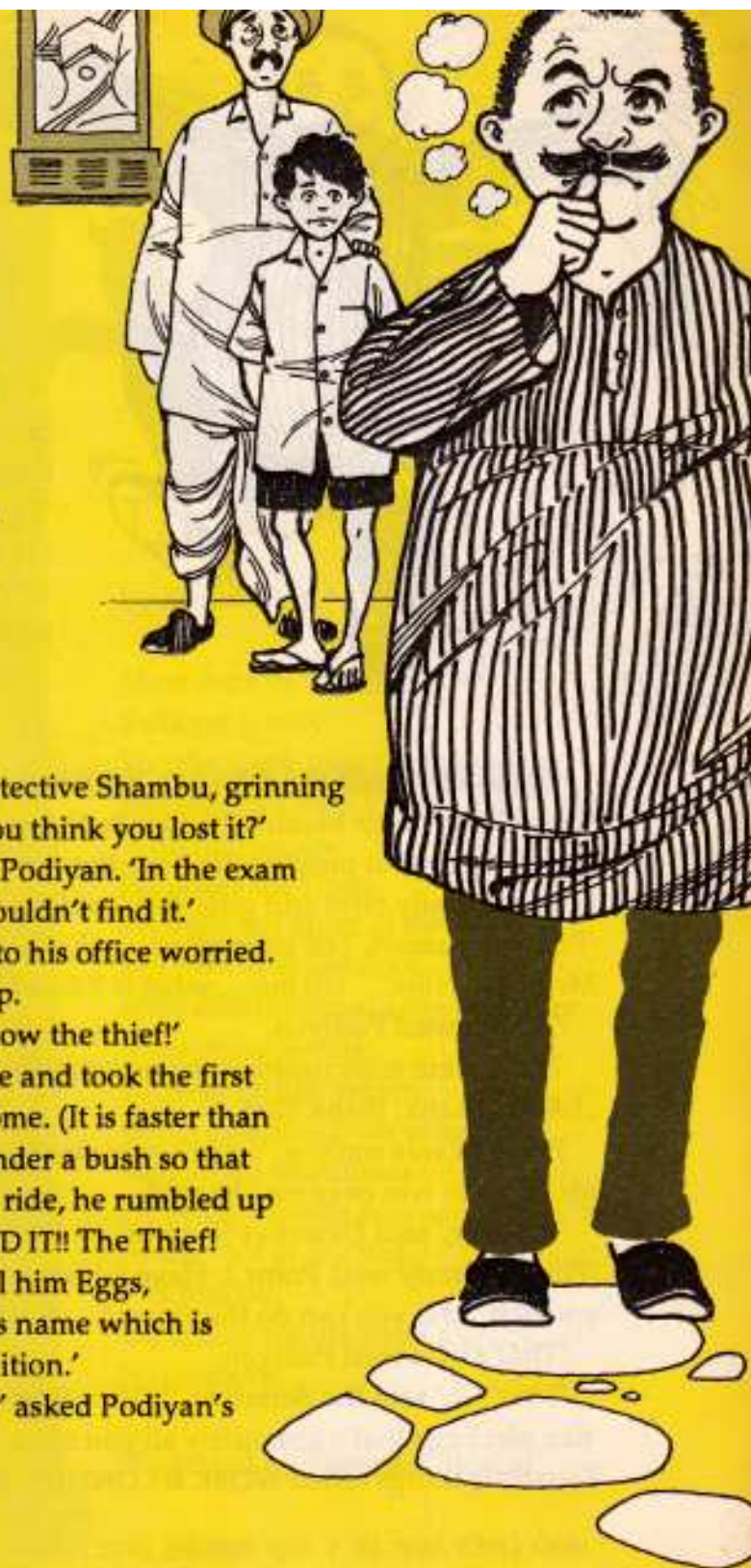
'I don't know,' mumbled Podiyan. 'In the exam room, when I wanted it, I couldn't find it.'

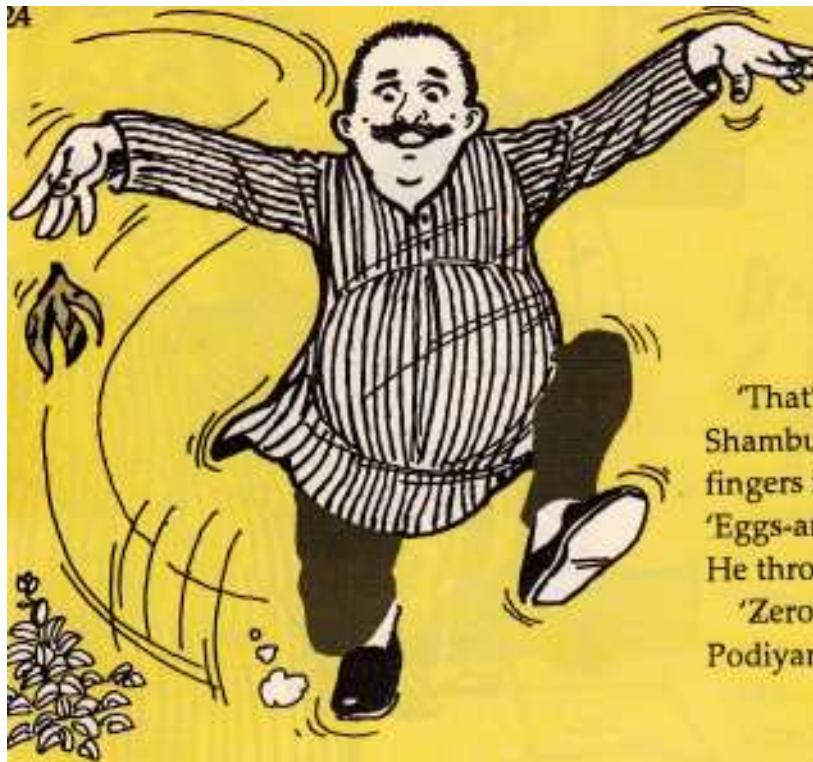
The detective went back to his office worried. An hour later, he jumped up.

'Ah!' he said. 'I think I know the thief!'

He bound out of his office and took the first banana slip to Podiyan's home. (It is faster than the bus.) Then, leaving it under a bush so that no one would pinch it for a ride, he rumbled up the stairs shouting, 'I FOUND IT!! The Thief! People in my profession call him Eggs, which is a short form for his name which is frightening—Eggs-Ammunition.'

'You mean Examination?' asked Podiyan's mother.





'That's what I said,' Detective Shambu said, waving his dancer's fingers in front of her face, irritated. 'Eggs-ammunition. Terrible chap! He throws eggs at people!' 'Zeros! Ciphers! Eggs!' said Podiyan.

'Eggs-actly!' said the detective, beaming. 'We call him Eggs because he likes to throw fat round eggs at people who have to meet him, especially boys and girls. But,' said Shambu, 'Podiyan's smart. Tell yourself you can win over Mr Eggs! Now... tell me... what is 9 times 8?' '72!' shouted Podiyan.

There were tears running down Amma's cheeks. Thank, thank God.

Podiyan was smiling. 'I don't ever want Mr. Eggs to win over me,' he said.

'It's easy,' said Detective Shambu. 'Point 1: Study well. Point 2: Have faith in yourself. And you can do the exams!'

'That's it?' asked Podiyan.

'That's it,' said the detective. 'With a thief like Mr. Eggs that's absolutely all you need. Two little things called WORK & CONFIDENCE.'

HEAD START ANS: NO. 9 HAS SQUARE SPECTACLES;
BOAT, BIRD, HOUSE, KITE, FISH.






THE BAT

by Ruskin Bond

Most bats fly high,
Swooping only
To take some insect on the wing;
But there's a bat I know
Who flies so low
He skims the floor;
He does not enter at the window
But flies in at the door,
Does stunts beneath the furniture . . .
Is his radar wrong,
Or does he just prefer
Being different from other bats?
And when sometimes
He settles upside down
At the foot of my bed,
I let him be.
On lonely nights, even a crazy bat
Is company.

Illustrated by Taposhi Ghoshal



Hello there, everyone!

Tamasha says she really doesn't know if she wants me around. And Hulgul makes faces every time he sees me. The thing is, Tamasha's so busy that she doesn't know if she's standing on her head or on her feet. So here I am to help her — Your new friend, Chichinda. Come on friends, write! We ALL love your letters at *Tamasha!*

WIN a PRIZE!

In my country, Seren Dipity, we use the Sun in so many ways! We even have a fantastic SUNWAY that uses the sunbeams to take everything from chillies to dinosaurs between our two towns, Tamaku to Damaku.

Now tell us! What 5 things can you do in YOUR town or village which uses the Sun's energy?

We have a super SOLAR COOKER for the best answer! And 5 other attractive prizes. So hurry!

Send in your answer on a POST CARD to:

TAMASHA!, Post Box. 326, GPO, New Delhi 110 001.

THE LAST DATE IS: JULY 31, 1993.

Don't forget
to
write your
name, age
and address!



Illustrated by Sujata Singh

Tamasha!
is very beautiful!

G. Koral Rex

Thiruvayyaru,
Tamil Nadu

CHICHINDA DAK

I have read your book which
is full of fun, excitement and
lot of information. I wish to
have more *Tamasha*!

Praveen Barve
Dewas, M.P.

I am in standard IV and I like
to read your magazine very
much. Ever since I started
buying *Tamasha*! I love reading.
I can even sacrifice interesting
TV programmes for reading it.

Shirish Kunkolienker
Ponda, Goa

Dearest Tamasha!

Today is the first time I saw
you, and Oh! Really I fell in
love with you. I am a girl of
15 years and it gives me much
pleasure spending time with you.

Nupur Seal
Calcutta - 29

I want to be a member
of your club.
Tarit Kumar Borah,
Guwahati, Assam.

Tamasha!, I like you. I want
to see you every month.

K. Govind
Valapad,



WHEN Tamasha came to LUNCH

Drawings by Suddho





Jalebis and laddoos appeared on Tamasha's other ear-plate, yellow and round as winter moons.

They ate. Then HulGul and Tamasha danced in the pink light of the little fat moon. The stars dropped out and joined them in the dance.



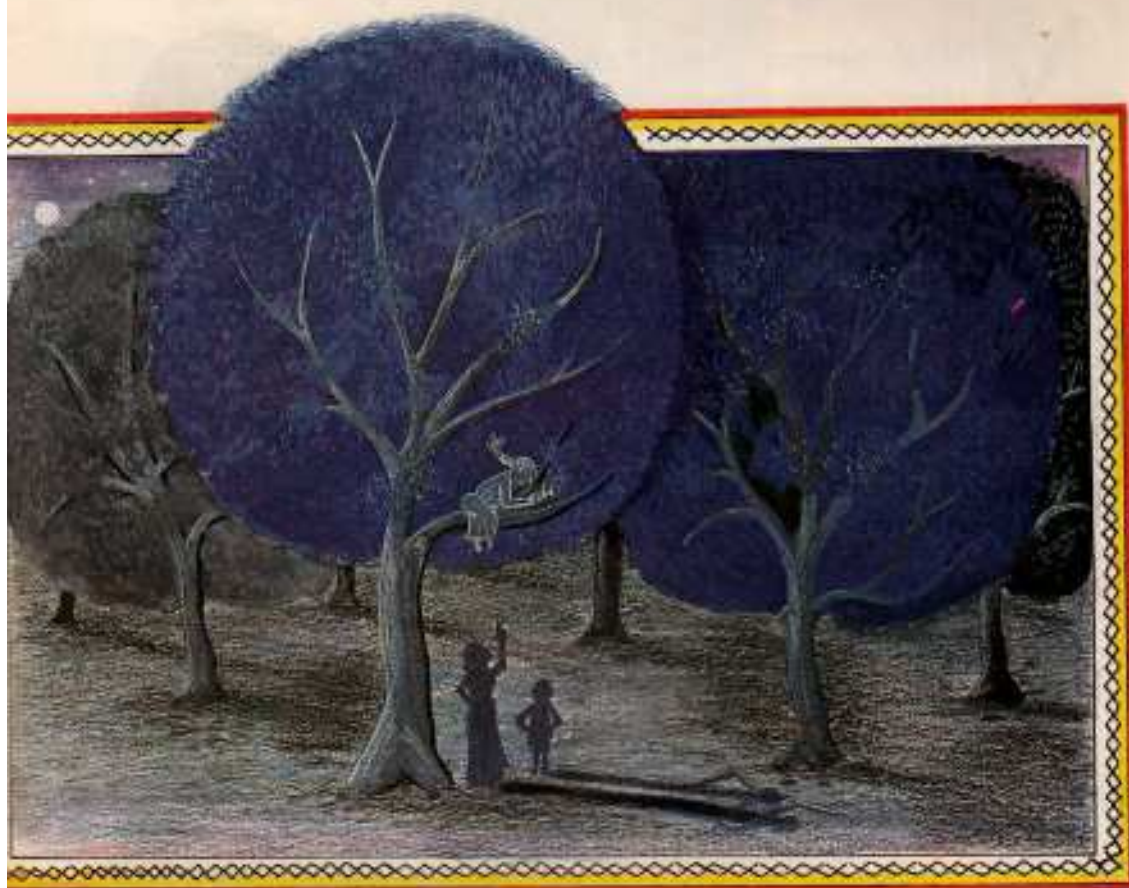
A Summer Gift



My grandfather is the fiercest man I know. His moustache is even bigger than my father's. 'And Thatha's always angry,' as my sister Kamu says.

Our mango trees yield wonderful mangoes. We used to eat as many as we wanted. Then Thatha retired from his city job and came to live with us. 'If anyone touches my mangoes...' Thatha growled.

Thatha was angriest in summer.



But mangoes!' said Kamu, sadly. 'I can't go through summer without mangoes!'

I couldn't either. 'Nor I,' said my grandmother, my Paati.

And so Paati, Kamu and I decided to steal into the mango garden that night and take just one mango.

In the moonlight the shadows under the mango trees looked like big splotches of black Indian ink.

Kamu, the expert tree-climber, was soon down beside us with the mango she had plucked.

'This mango is the best amongst the best,' she chanted as she examined the temptingly green mango.

Paati had the knife. I had the small packet of salt and chilli powder.

Illustrated by Arvinder Chawla

'MMMmmmm ...' said Kamu, biting into the juicy mango. But, somehow, I just couldn't eat. 'Never mind, Gopu,' said Paati. 'Eat. Thatha won't mind.'

And, reluctantly, I bit into the mango. Later in the night I crept up to Thatha, lying in the yard, outside our house.

'Thatha,' I said softly. 'The mangoes ...' Thatha stirred. I don't think he was sleeping at all. 'I know Gopu,' he said in a voice strangely soft. 'Paati told me. I'm sorry. Sometimes when people grow old we forget things like ...'

Thatha smiled. And I remember now, that was the first night I snuggled up to my Thatha to sleep. Under the soft glowing stars.

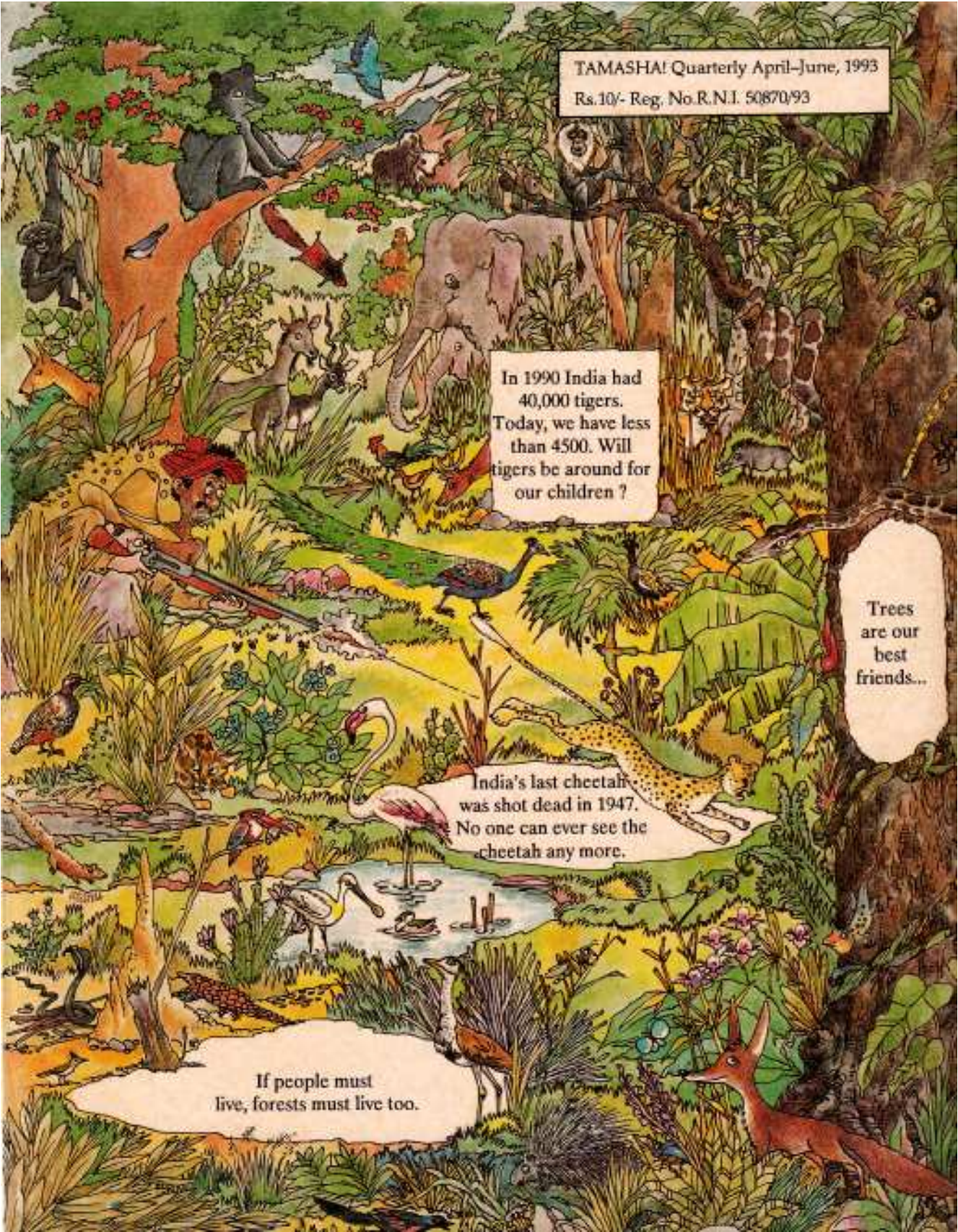




KOTI BAZAAR

Bright bangles and kumkums
in little mountains
and fresh from the village
are jasmines, pumpkins
skirts, blouses, kameezes
that stay in your dream
in red, mauve and yellow
magenta and green
rat traps and bird cages
and beggars on wheels
men, women and hawkers
who shout out their deals
kites, puppies, and voices
a world upside down
Oh, you must know this market
in your little town.

Illustrated by Taposhi



TAMASHA! Quarterly April-June, 1993
Rs.10/- Reg. No.R.N.I. 50870/93

In 1990 India had
40,000 tigers.
Today, we have less
than 4500. Will
tigers be around for
our children ?

Trees
are our
best
friends...

India's last cheetah
was shot dead in 1947.
No one can ever see the
cheetah any more.

If people must
live, forests must live too.